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FAIR PLAY.

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THE KING'S BELL.

"No perfect day has ever come to me,"
An old man said;
"A perfect day for us can never be
Till we are dead."

The young King heard him, and he turned away
In earnest thought,
Did men ne'er find on earth the perfect day
For which they sought?—

A day all free from care?—so running o'er
With life's delight
That there seemed room or wish for nothing more
From dawn to night?

"It must be that such days have come to man,"
The young King said.
"Go search—find one who found them—if you can!"
Ah, wise gray head!

"I trust that some time such a day will come
To even me,"
The King said. But the old man's lips were dumb—
A doubter he.

"That you, and those about you all may know
My perfect day,
A bell shall ring out when the sun is low,
And men shall say:

'Behold! this day has been unto the King
A day replete
With happiness. It lacked not anything—
A day most sweet!'"

In a high tower, ere night, the passers saw
A mighty bell,
The tidings of a day without a flaw
Some time to tell.

The bell hung silent in its lofty tower.
Days came and went.
Each summer brought its sunshine and its flower.
Its old content;

But not the happy day he hoped to see.
"But soon or late
The day of days," he said, "will come to me.
I trust and wait."

The years, like waves upon a restless stream,
Were swept away,
And in the King's dark hair began to gleam
Bright threads of gray.

Men passing by, looked upward to the bell,
And smiling said:
"Delay not of the happy time to tell
Till we are dead."

But they grew old and died. And silent still
The great bell hung;
And the good King, bowed down with age, fell ill
His cares among.

At dusk, one day, with dazed brain, from his room
He slowly crept
Up rattling tower-steps, in the dust and gloom,
while watchers slept.

Above the city broke the great bell's voice,
Silent so long.
"Behold the King's most happy day! Rejoice!"
It told the throng.

Filled with strange awe, the long night passed away.
At morn men said:
"At last the King has found his happy day—
The King is dead!"

—*Elsa B. Rexford, in Boston Transcript.*

A HEAD WITHOUT A BODY.

"So you really believe that life and consciousness may be temporarily restored to the head after its separation from the body?"

"Believe it!" said Fritz, warming at the doubt my words implied, "I know it! Brown-Sequard's late experiment settles the question."

"That was made on a dog's head, wasn't it?" I asked.

"What of that?" returned Fritz. "If pumping a little fresh blood into the arteries leading to the brain of a decapitated dog produced an evident return of life, why shouldn't the same thing have happened had the head been a man's?"

"The man's head would have had this advantage," I banteringly suggested: "it might have told how it felt under the circumstances."

"A capital thought!" exclaimed Fritz. "The relation of one such experience would be worth volumes of mere speculation. But there is, I fear, an insuperable difficulty," he continued: "there can be no speech, you know, without lungs to supply air."

"Wouldn't a hand-bellows do it?" I asked, jokingly.

"Right!" cried Fritz—"you've hit it. Let us proceed at once to try it."

His face wore an eager look. He appeared to be in serious earnest. I knew he was an enthusiast in such things and ready to go any length to test a favorite theory.

"You have already suggested one difficulty," I began.

"Which you have happily removed," he interrupted.

"There is still another," I said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"To find a man who will lend his head for the experiment," I replied.

"We must take one of our own," said Fritz, quietly but resolutely.

"Sorry to disoblige," I answered, "but really I have private use for mine at present."

"Come," he cried, "I will not be balked in the experiment. I have set my heart upon it and have every appliance here for carrying it out. We can determine by lot which of us shall be offered a sacrifice to science. The victim can hardly be considered the loser, for in the brief period of reanimation he will be the possessor of a secret which the greatest philosophers have sought in vain to unravel. He will have solved the mystery of death."

Fritz took from his backgammon board a dice-box and a couple of dice.

"Throw first," he said, placing them before me.

I could hardly believe him in earnest, though he seemed terribly so. To humor him I took the box, shook it carelessly and threw ace-five.

With nervous impatience he snatched it, flung in the dice, and, after a vigorous shake, tossed upon the table deuce-four.

"A tie!" cried Fritz. "We must throw again. What an enchanting game it is—life against life!"

His expression was fairly diabolical. It was no farce he was enacting. If he won he meant to exact the stake. He was an athlete in strength.

"Throw!" exclaimed Fritz, again passing me the box.

This time I felt that my life was indeed staked upon the cast.

I threw trey-five.

Fritz caught up the dice and box and threw two fives.

"I have won!" he shouted.

And snatching from his sheath a sharp-bladed knife, one of his sporting equipments, he sprang upon me. I struggled with desperation, but the contest was too unequal to last. I was thrown upon the floor and Fritz's knee was on my breast. The next instant a keen sensation of pain encircled my neck. The warm blood gushed forth. My vision grew indistinct. Objects faded gradually into nothingness—a state into which my own being speedily sank.

* * * * *

I awoke to consciousness to find myself a trunkless head! There lay my decapitated body, a spectacle from which I might have turned away had I possessed the power. Fritz with some machine was pumping my blood through a tube into an artery of my neck, while the wires of a galvanic battery sent a current through my brain that fairly made it tingle. I strove to cry out, but quickly realized the truth of Fritz's statement touching the indispensableness of lungs to the performance of the vocal functions. I could not utter a sound.

"Don't put yourself out," said Fritz, observing the motion of my lips. "Wind is the capital of speech, and you shall have your share of it."

Thrusting the nozzle of a bellows into my trachea, Fritz—I don't know how he did it all with only two hands—pumped and blew away with might and main.

I doubled my fist, or thought I did, to knock him down as he approached to insert the bellows. It was a singular circumstance that, so far as sensation went, I seemed to be in the full possession of all my members.

As I said, I doubled up my fist, or imagined I did, and struck out lustily as Fritz came near, but the blow fell on nothing. Fool that I was!—there lay my bodily appurtenances all dead before me.

"Villain! I'll have you hanged for this!" I yelled with the first puff of air I received from the bellows. "I'll go at once and summon the Coroner!"

Alas! I forgot I had no legs.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll be obliged to shut off your wind," said Fritz.

"How long can I live thus?" I asked.

"Probably twenty minutes," he answered; "that is if my strength doesn't give way. It's hard work—this puffing and pumping both at once."

"For goodness sake keep it up," I pleaded. "Don't mind what I said about going for the Coroner. I was a little excited just then."

"I'm not afraid of your going," said he. "But tell me all about your feelings, old fellow."

"I'm getting too short of breath to talk much," I replied.

Fritz renewed his exertions, but his energies, it was evident, were failing rapidly.

"No use," he said, at last. "I've got to give it up. My strength is quite exhausted."

"Don't—don't stop!" I gasped.

"Can't help it," he answered.

"If you stop I'll kill you!" I whispered, hoarsely, for the stream of air was getting feeble.

Fritz laughed tauntingly.

I became infuriated. I was seized with a sudden desire for vengeance. I felt as though I had a hundred hands, each endowed with a giant's strength. I made a desperate effort to spring upon Fritz, and, to my astonishment, this time succeeded. My hands were at his throat, but Fritz was strong and held me at bay.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed.

In an instant everything was changed. I no longer saw my headless body on the floor. My head was as fast as ever on my shoulders, and Fritz was holding me in his arms and laughing at the violence of my struggles.

I have never taken hasheesh since; for it was while under the influence of that drug that Fritz's strange talk about Brown-Sequard's investigations and certain extravagant theories of his own made me imagine myself the subject of a horrible experiment, the frightful details of which assumed, for the time, a reality to which the senses were as actively alive as they are this moment to the objects which I see and touch.

Well Up in Botany.

Yes, she visited the country and considered herself superior to ignorant, common farmers. She was learned in botany, and with lofty airs told Farmer D. she knew every plant that grew. The farmer coming from the field one day plucked a cluster of blossoms and carried them to the house. "Do you know these blossoms?" he asked of her. "O, yes, of course I do," she replied. "They are very rare and so beautiful; too sweet for anything. I am perfectly familiar with these flowers; I know all about plants; these grow on trees in the woods." "What is their name?" asked Farmer D., with a sly wink at his wife, who stood by choking with laughter. "Why—really—I can't recall their botanical name just now; but I suppose you have some vulgar name for them. "Well," replied D., "we ignorant farmers call them potato blossoms." "You horrid thing, cried she, spitefully, "to bring me such a mean old weed." She cut short her visit and returned to town. —*Newman (Ga.) Herald.*

A Curious Tobacco Vow.

In 1860, when Heister Clymer, of Reading, Pa., was defeated as the Democratic candidate for Governor, Dr. Jacob Sheetz, a well-known citizen and physician of Pottstown, made a vow that he would purchase no more chewing tobacco or use any until the Democrats succeeded in electing their candidate for Governor. That vow he kept sacred for sixteen long years until Wednesday, when thoroughly satisfied that Pattison had been elected, he stepped into a well-known tobacco store and purchased the weed by the pounds, and had it cut up into plugs. Whenever any of his friends, many of whom were aware that the Doctor's long tobacco fast was over, would ask him for a "chew" he pulled out his large bag, in which he carried it and gave them a whole plug. The Doctor's determination not to chew or buy tobacco until the election of a Democratic Governor was known all over this section of country and many a joke was created.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The silly little fish, in hope of filling his own stomach, snaps at the baited hook and succeeds only in filling the stomach of the fisherman. The man who thinks to play a sharp game on the sharper should remember the lesson of the fish and not play his sharp game.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The gift of Mr. Paul Tulane to Louisiana for educational purposes is expected to yield an annual income of about $40,000.

Stray Freight.

"How does your company keep track of, trace up and find, and restore lost freight?" asked a representative of the *Free Press* yesterday of a man employed in the lost freight department of one of the railroads in this city.

"I should like much to give you an item, but it would be as much as my situation is worth to tell of our methods. They are very strict in their orders against giving reporters items."

"The work must be very intricate and difficult."

"It is, remarkably so."

"How far away from the shipping or receiving point has lost freight at last been recovered?"

"Thousands of miles. For instance, last September a package was shipped from Grand Rapids to Detroit, and was lost en route. Yesterday we received notice that it had been found at Boston and would be sent here immediately."

"How can such errors occur?"

"Many ways. The marking may be indistinct and incomplete, shipping bills are often incorrect; and now, for instance, I spent nearly four weeks last August looking for a case of shoes to at last learn they had never been shipped from the factory."

"Don't you ever find mistakes the other way? That is, don't you find freight on hand not down on the shipping bills?"

"Yes. I have just such a case before me. A barrel of goods has been received at Adrian, the address of the consignee being all right, but nothing to indicate who sent it. We must find out who sent it, and the letters "C. K. R., Detroit," being on the barrel we have inquired of C. K. Burnham & Co., but they know nothing of it."

"How do you trace all these facts so accurately?"

"By our receipts, our shipping bills and all of our cartage and warehouse records. Each station agent and warehouse man must be ready to at once give an account of every article which he has received or sent away."

"Suppose a thing is stolen en route, how do you locate the scene of the robbery?"

"There are a great many ways in which we learn the truth. As for example, notice was received at this office the other day from a firm in Peoria, Ill., stating that they had received a case of shoes which had been broken open and four pairs of shoes taken out. Each railroad company has a leaden seal which must be broken before a package can be opened, and by tracing the seals we found that the breaking open of the box took place either before it reached the depot in this city or after it was taken away from the depot at Peoria. By further tracing it was at last learned that the shoes were stolen by a truckman at Peoria."

"But supposing a freight-loaded car, standing on a side track, is broken into at night?"

"Well, that is the easiest kind of shortage to trace. We have just succeeded, in conjunction with all the other roads in this city, in discovering a large leakage in the vicinity of the Detroit & Milwaukee & Grand Trunk Railroad Junction, and while we know that the thieves live in the northeastern part of the city we have not yet located them personally."

"Perhaps if your employers were a little less secret about this kind of work there would be less of it to do."

"Perhaps so."—*Detroit Free Press*

The Age of The Cat.

A member of the Hartford County bar, relating some reminiscences of the court in times gone by, told of a case wherein one of the famous advocates of that time had badgered and crowded a witness until he lost his temper. The witness incidentally said something about a cat, and the crafty lawyer seized upon this as a means of still further worrying the witness.

"How old was the cat?" asked the attorney.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"How old do you think she was?"

"It was a Tom-cat."

"I didn't ask about the sex of the cat. I asked how old it was."

"You asked how old *she* was."

"Well, how old was that cat?"

"I told you I didn't know."

"Well, how old do you think?"

"O, I can't tell."

"You can tell how old you think she was."

"I tell you, I don't know."

"Now," said the attorney, "I want a plain answer to a plain question. How old do you think that cat was?"

The witness looked straight at the attorney, whose shining bald head was the most prominent feature of his figure, and calmly said, "O, I can't guess how old the cat was, but she was old enough to be bald-headed."

The lawyer's ruddy face assumed a deeper hue, the spectators and members of the bar tittered, and even the stern features of the court relaxed into a smile at the answer which ended that line of cross-questioning.—*Hartford Times.*

A Draft on the Imagination.

"My father," said Gilhooly, solemnly, "was more sensitive to colds than anybody I ever knew. The slightest exposure gave him a cold."

"That must have been very disagreeable."

"Indeed, it was. He never could sit near a draft for a minute without catching cold. I remember on one occasion he was sitting in the office of a friend, when all at once my father began to sneeze. He insisted that there was a draft in the room. Every effort was made to discover where the draft was, but in vain. The doors and windows were closed, and there was no fireplace, but my father kept on sneezing, and insisting there must be a draft in the room, and so there was."

"Where was it?"

"In an envelope on the table, and it was only a little draft for three dollars and forty cents."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Gentlemen may now appear in public without gloves, this liberty being granted probably because ladies now wear twice as much kid on their hands and arms as fashion demanded two years ago. Some compromise was necessary in order to keep the market steady. —*N. Y. Herald.*

A Watchman's Eventful Life.

Captain Oliver N. Brooks, who for thirty-one years has kept burning the light on Faulkner's Island, in Long Island Sound, has resigned, and quit the scene of his faithful labors. The New Haven *Palladium*, which gives an interesting sketch of the Captain's life on the little island, says that he has assisted over 100 vessels which have been wrecked or grounded on the treacherous reef. About seven years since, the freight propeller E. W. Woodward was stranded on the reef during a terrible winter's storm. The crew were taken off by Captain Brooks, and remained several days on the island. Suddenly the vessel floated and drifted to another position; the crew went off and attempted to save her. A gale setting in, the men were unable to return, and were in immediate danger of perishing. Captain Brooks then collected all the cordage on the island, and at one time had determined to take down the beds and use the bed cords. Splicing a long line from the different-sized cordage, he and his nephew, who very fortunately was on the island, dragged their boat on the ice as far from the shore as possible. Brooks paid out the line and allowed the boat to drift down upon the fated vessel, while the nephew directed the frail craft. Fortunately the boat floated within three feet of the steamer's bow, and by means of this life-line the seven seaman on board were rescued, some of them more dead than alive, owing to the severe cold. The rescued men remained fourteen days on the island, and when Captain Brooks landed them at Guilford he was obliged to remain on the main land six days, owing to the severe weather. On several occasions of storm the islanders have been cut off from shore for four weeks. In 1859 Captain Brooks rescued five persons from a stranded schooner. The crew took to the rigging, and the wife of the schooner's captain was lashed to the masthead. Just before the rescue the mate, in climbing into the rigging with the Captain's babe, dropped it into the sea.

In some years thirty vessels have touched bottom at the island. Very many vessels would float with the returning tide. Eight total wrecks have occurred at the island during Captain Brooks' long term of service. Not many years since Captain Brooks went out in the night, at great personal peril, and rescued the crew of the old eastern schooner Ferguson. For his bravery and humanity he has received many tokens of reward.

Four steamers of the Lighthouse Department stop at the island at stated intervals, viz.: the Mistletoe, which carries engineers' supplies; the Fern, with oil, coal, etc.; the Putnam, of the Inspectors' Department, and the Cactus, which carries general supplies and provisions, and is used as a buoy-setter. The Fern calls once a year, but the other steamers call more frequently. Captain Brown, of the Lighthouse Board, offered Captain Brooks a furlough of one year and the promise of a good position on shore if he would remain in the service, but the veteran lightmaster declined. The Captain's family consists of his wife and two daughters—daughters true and brave, who have shared their father's peril in the rescue of many a poor castaway seaman. Mary once accompanied her father out in the boat and assisted in the rescue of several shipwrecked sailors. The rescuers rowed out in the face of a blinding snow-storm and carried blankets to the almost frozen men. This daughter is an expert at the oar and has several times assisted her father in seasons of peril, sometimes putting on male attire for convenience.

The Heat in the Comstock Lode.

At a late meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in New York City, G. F. Becker, of the United States Coast Survey, spoke on the cause of the intense heat in the Comstock lode. The temperature is not abnormal until a depth of one hundred feet is reached. At 500 feet it is much higher than in most other mines, and at 1,000 feet the thermometer stands at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, so that if a miner steps in a puddle of water it is though he scalded his foot in a pail of boiling water, and if a drop of water falls on his flannel shirt it raises a blister. The latest of many theories advanced to account for this intense heat is that it is caused by chemical action in the kaolization of feldspar. Mr. Becker said that he had experimented with the rocks by pulverizing a small mass and heating it with steam in a boiler for six weeks in succession, but he found no change. Furthermore, he could find in the Comstock lode no feldspar, and only a very small quantity of kaolin, so he was compelled to doubt the truth of the new theory. The rocks are decomposed in the lower levels of the lode rather than on the surface, and so probably it was the result of volcanic action. Observations had been carried to 2,300 feet below the surface, and indications are that the source of heat is over two miles, probably four miles, below the lowest level, and is to be compared in nature with the heat at the center of an earthquake.

War of Mustaches.

A mustache war is now waging in the great city of Berlin. For some inexplicable reason the hotel-keepers of that city took it into their heads to require their waiters to have shaven upper lips. No rebellion followed, and then the order was extended to house-servants. Still no rebellion. Emboldened by success in these two orders, mine host had the temerity to order the cooks to dispense with their mustaches. That was going too far. The sleeping lion was aroused. At last accounts the momentous question at issue between landlords and cooks was undetermined, with some prospect of a retirement of all male kings of the kitchen in favor of those who would be sure to comply with the regulation, notwithstanding any and all hirsute predilections. It is obvious that Alexander Humboldt did not live in vain. The home of that greatest of modern philosophers has risen to dignity never dreamed of in his philosophy.—*London Echo.*

—The fellow who wrote: "I now take my pen in hand," was troubled with remorse when he discovered, after he had mailed the letter, that he had been using a lead pencil.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—More than 2,000 members are now gathered into the five Baptist churches in Poland.

—Christian work has been commenced in Russia by a noble of the empire, Prince Galatzin. A Bible was given him at the Paris Exposition, and he has studied it, accepted its truth and intends to distribute many copies of it throughout Russia.

—From March 1 to November 1 the American Sunday School Union established 498 new Sunday schools in the Northwest, and brought 2,028 teachers and 16,120 scholars into them, besides aiding 1,033 old schools which have 5,149 teachers and 44,109 scholars.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—An Englishman died last summer leaving $5,000 a year to be given to Oxford or Cambridge University, to be applied as a salary for an Evangelical preacher to deliver two sermons annually upon the history and religion of the Jewish nation, and both the colleges refused the bequest.

—The money given the Presbyterian Board of Church Erection by the brothers Robert L. and Alexander Stuart, of New York, in the last ten years, has secured the building of 276 churches, in which at least 28,500 persons worship every Sabbath.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Chaplain C. C. McCabe, the Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church extension fund, has at last succeeded in completing the loan fund of $500,000, which was started some time ago. The object of the fund is to loan money to poor or missionary societies to enable them to erect a church building.—*Chicago Times.*

—Rev. B. Edwards, the father of the diocese of Norwich, England, has been for seventy years rector at Ashill. He is in his ninety-fourth year and still takes a full share of the parochial work, visiting the people, giving religious instruction in the schools, reading the prayers at one service and preaching at the other every Sunday.

—The young man who, having studied for the ministry, preached a trial sermon, upon hearing which a motherly old woman took him aside and said to him: "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "I had a call from the Lord," said the young man, and then she replied: "But are you sure it wasn't some other noise that you heard?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Rev. Mr. Von Schluembach, an evangelist, who in former years labored extensively among the Germans of New York, has engaged in evangelistic work in Germany, where he is meeting with success. He is not connected with any denominational organization, but works independently, receiving contributions from all who are pleased to bestow them.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The total number of Princeton graduates is 5,439; and of these 3,000 are living. One-fifth of the whole number of graduates have been clergyman, one-twelfth physicians, and only one-eighteenth of them have entered public life. The mortality has been greatest among the politicians and least among the clergy. A most interesting fact is that 189 graduates of Princeton have become presidents or professors in colleges, no fewer than thirty-two of whom have taken service with their alma mater.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"A Georgia Editor on the Comet" is an article in the Rochester *Union-Advertiser*. That's all right, but what we want to know is, how did he get there?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Teacher—"Define the word excavate." Scholar—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

—A New York doctor says baldness is caused by plug hats. That may be true. We know that a plug ugly will put a head on a man, and it may be that a plug hat can take the hair off it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of an inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time that I was here I laid off my overcoat, and I haven't felt it since."—*Our Continent.*

—A young gilded (or, as they say now, nickel-plated) youth of New York ordered a pair of pantaloons of his tailor, and returned them as too tight. "You told me to make them skin-tight," said the man. "Yes," said the youth, "but I can sit down in my skin, and I can't in these."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—At the Bank. Clerk—"What do you wish, sir?" Ruffian—"Why, I just stepped in to tell you that I'm the man that knocked down and robbed your cashier." Clerk—"Well, sir, I'm very sorry; but you'll have to identify yourself, sir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—At the anglers' tournament in New York, recently, it was shown that Mr. Pritchard can cast a fly farther than any young man in America. If Mr. Pritchard will agree to cast all the flies into the middle of the Atlantic, he can hear something to his advantage by calling around at the beginning of dog-days next summer.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The Treasury Department has decided that frog's legs are not fresh fish for immediate consumption. If the Department is not overworked we should like it to decide another important question—viz., whether clams are better adapted for sole leather than for food. We know that they are not beefsteak, though the Department may decide otherwise.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I find," said an old man to a *Boomerang* reporter, recently, "that there is absolutely no limit to the durability of the teeth if they are properly taken care of. I never drink hot drinks, always brush my teeth morning and evening, avoid all acids whatever, and, although I am sixty-five years old, my teeth are as good as they ever were." "And that is all you do to preserve your teeth, is it?" Yes, sir; that's all; barring, perhaps, the fact that I put them in a glass of soft water nights."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

For Young Readers.

BE TRUE TO YOUR BOYHOOD.

In the days of my youth I remember,
A lusty mower sang me this rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."
And he said "Whatever be thy profession,
Whatever thy hands may employ,
Start out with life's foremost procession,
And be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the tall grass to the rune—
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

And once when the autumn was smiling
I met the old mower again,
The thin swaths of the aftermath piling
Where the round rows of clover ha' lain.
"'Tis the few lead the world, not the many;
'Tis the few that life's blessings enjoy;
And your chance is as good as is any;
Be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"Let the weak and the aimless have leisure,
But count it not in the plan.
In life's purpose and struggle find pleasure
That is worthy the heart of a man.
And hold as the wiles of the tempter
Whatever thy efforts debars—
The lamps of the gay billiard palace
Are not the bright lamps of the stars."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"In the old time were wreckers in Cornwall:
And false lights they set on the coast,
And the sailors beheld the bright beacons
And steered for the reefs, and were lost.
And sin like a fair lamp is gleaming
In secret thy soul to distroy;
False lights are its profitless pleasures:
Be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"Then early be active and earnest;
The youth that is chary of toil
Is like the unprofitable sower
That spares the full seed to the soil.
And remember the great hopes of Heaven
Were meant for the young to enjoy,
And they may have harvests immortal
Who are true to their boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune;
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."
Hezekiah Butterworth, in Christian Union.

DICK'S ESCAPE.

Dick Smith's home was in the West, and as the incident I am about to relate happened a good many years ago, he must have been then only thirteen or fourteen years old. He was a brave, hearty lad, full of enthusiasm and love of adventure, but especially abounding with ingenuity, and always doing something new and curious. Thus he has been known all his life as an "inventor," and still shows the same quality.

He lived on the bank of a river, and being fond of the water, became an expert swimmer and oarsman. Although he had no gun, yet with cunning traps and many original devices he caught considerable game, some for its fur, and some for its meat. It is about one of his boyish inventions that I am going to tell you.

At certain seasons of the year great flocks of ducks came into the river, and staid many days eating the Indian rice (*Zizania aquatica*) that grew in the shallow water. But as Dick's father had no shot-gun or any convenient way of capturing them, the ducks came and went unmolested.

At length ingenious Dick set to work to contrive some method of catching them. He obtained a section of thin bark from some tree, and arranged so that it would just slip over his head and rest on his shoulders, like the crown of a large old-fashioned hat, the top of it reaching several inches above his scalp.

In this he cut holes for his eyes and mouth, so that he could see and breathe. He also fastened leaves and vines on the top and around it to partly conceal it.

When this was done, he put it on and started for the ducks. Reaching a thicket on the river's brink near the game, he laid aside his clothes and took to the water. He had often been in the river where the rice grew, and knew just what difficulties he would have to overcome in swimming and wading. Out he went, and as he came near the ducks he moved very slowly and cautiously so as not to alarm them.

Pretty soon he was in the midst of an immense flock, and although they were extremely wary and quite suspicious of the vine-covered bark, yet within a short time he succeeded in grasping quite a number by the legs, and jerking them under the water. When he had secured all he could fairly manage, he quietly made his way home. His catch proved most delicious eating, and was very acceptable to the family, as it came at a time in the year when no other meat was generally available. Frequently while the wild rice lasted did he repeat the operation, bringing home the fattest specimens that came to the river.

But one day as he sat beneath the bushes on the edge of the water about a quarter of a mile from home, examining some ducks just caught, his little dog by his side, suddenly a huge panther pounced down from the high bank above, and rushed for the dog. Away went the dog for dear life, and the panther after him. But Dick knew well enough that the dog, which was very fleet, would escape, and that the great cat would soon give up the race and come back for himself. But the lad had no notion of affording the panther a boy for dinner; and so, perfectly cool and brave, set to thinking how to escape. If he should run away, the animal would follow his track and soon overtake him, for he could not equal the dog in speed; if he should climb a tree, the creature could excel him in climbing; if he should wade or swim into the river and the panther should see him, she might follow and get him there. But Dick was not to be caught so easily; what worked so well in deceiving ducks might do even better with the panther. And so, instantly slipping on his "duck hat," as he called it, he waded rapidly into the water a few rods, and settled down so that he could just breathe and see, and turning around, watched the shore. Hardly had he reached this position when the panther pounced down as before from the high bank and began smelling and looking for the boy. Failing to detect his whereabouts, she pawed over the ducks Dick had left; and since she could not have dog or boy for dinner, she decided to take duck.

Dick felt quite certain that when his dog reached home in fright and excitement the attention of the family would be attracted, and his father would shoulder his rifle and start out to investigate the matter. And Dick was not mistaken. In a very few minutes he saw his father in the canoe swiftly paddling along the shore, peering sharply for his boy. But the spot occupied by the panther was around a little curve in the bank, where she would not see the man until he was close upon her.

Before Mr. Smith reached this place he saw the lad's "duck hat," and Dick contrived to lift one hand carefully above the water and point where the creature was dining.

The father understood the signal, and giving the canoe a strong pull, seized the gun, and prepared to fire the instant he saw anything to fire at. A moment more the rifle's sharp crack rang out, the panther sprang into the air, and fell back among the ducks, dead as they were.

Even yet Dick, now elderly "Mr. Richard Smith," delights in telling how he escaped in a "duck hat" from a panther.—*Harper's Young People.*

Two Little Lambs.

They were not really lambs. They were dressed alike in frocks and aprons and both had long curls. Such beautiful curls! One was Robbie and the other Bertie.

Robbie Lane lived in the city. He had come with his mamma to visit his cousin Bertie Collins, who lived in the country.

That morning the little boys had been to see the sheep sheared. Do you know how it was done?

The sheep were driven down to the brook, where the hired man took them into the water, one by one, and gave each a washing. Then, with a large pair of shears, he cut off the clean white wool.

Bertie and Robbie liked to watch the lambs capering about. When they went back to the house they played at being lambs. How they ran, and frisked, and cried "ba-a-a! ba-a-a!"

By and by Robbie said: "Let's we have a shearing." But Bertie shook his head. "Oh, no, we're only lambs."

"Never mind," urged Robbie; "our wool is long enough to cut." So he stole into the kitchen, and took a pair of scissors that Aunt Elsie had left on the table.

The cousins ran around to the back of the barn. They wet their heads in the big cattle trough; and then Robbie cut off all Bertie's beautiful yellow curls! Then it was Bertie's turn. He took the scissors, and snipped away at Robbie's hair. The last long brown curl was just falling to the ground, when the two mamma's came to call them to dinner.

"For pity's sake!" That was all Mamma Collins could say. The tears gathered in her eyes. She had felt so proud of those yellow curls!

Bertie looked up half frightened, as he explained: "We are two little lambs."

"Two little lambs! You look more like two little monkeys!" It was Mamma Lane who spoke. Then she couldn't help laughing, as she looked at the two funny heads; for you must know that Robbie and Bertie had never learned to cut nicely.

"Never mind, Elsie," she went on. "It can't be helped now; and to tell the truth, I think those boys have been made girls of quite long enough."

The next day they all went to town. The little lambs were first taken to a barber's shop, and then to a clothing store, and before they returned had been changed into real boys in pants and jackets.—*Our Little Ones.*

The Old Families of New England.

Some twenty years ago we used to hear a great deal about "mudsills" and "F. F. V.'s"—slang terms implying that the people of Virginia, or of the Southern States in general, were of more aristocratic origin than the people of New England, and were accordingly entitled to look down upon them. "We are the gentlemen of this country," said Robert Toombs in 1860. The assumption was thoroughly baseless. In point of fact the English ancestors of the Washingtons, the Randolphs, the Fairfaxes and the Talbots were no higher in social position than the families of the Winthrops, the Dudleys, the Eatons and the Saltonstalls. The foremost families which came to England were of precisely the same rank with the foremost families which came to Virginia, and in many instances there was relationship between the former and the latter. So far as mere names go, this is well illustrated in Bishop Meade's list of old Virginia families, in which occur such names as Allen, Baldwin, Bradley, Foxdoin, Carrington, Cooper, Dabney, Davenport, Farley, Gibbon, Holmes, Hubbard, Lee, Morton, Meade, Nelson, Newton, Parker, Russell, Selden, Spencer, Talbot, Tyler, Vaughan, Walton, Ward, Wilcox and Wythe—every one of which is a name of frequent occurrence in New England. Two-thirds of the names in Bishop Meade's list occur also in Savage's *Dictionary of the Settlers of New England.* Most of the leaders of the Massachusetts colonists were country gentlemen of good fortune; several of them were either related or connected by marriage with the nobility; the greater part of them had taken degrees at Cambridge, and accordingly one of the first things that naturally occurred to them was to found a new Cambridge in the New World. If they had remained in England, many of them would have gone into Parliament with Hampden and Cromwell, and would have risen to distinction under the Commonwealth.—*John Fiske, in Harper's Magazine.*

—An interesting discovery, says a correspondent at Rome, has been made in the course of the excavations in the Forum. In removing the cause-way passing across the area in front of the Arch of Septimius Severus, the remains of an ancient and forgotten church, now recognized as that of Santa Maria in Foro, have been found beneath the road. The church, which is of small size, was constructed within the western portico of the Basilica Julia and on the ancient level.—*Chicago Times.*

—In Greene County, Mississippi, is a double pine-tree which has two distinct trunks twenty feet apart, uniting thirty feet above the ground, forming at that point one solid trunk, round and symmetrical.